

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME III.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1874.

NUMBER 25.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

JUDITH MILES.

What Shall be Done with Her?

BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

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CHAPTER X.

SCENES IN ARIZONA.

Fort Kellogg, in Arizona, is not in a peculiarly inviting situation, occupying, as it does, a bleak and barren plain, with nothing in view, even in the distance, except some low, reddish mounds of earth, which look as though they might be dissolved brick-kilns. Between these low, in the rainy season, turbulent streams of muddy water which find their way through a still lower country to the Gila. But it is summer now, and everywhere the earth is baked with drought, except in the small stream which runs close by the fort.

The air is so still and breathless that the heat, as of a furnace, makes wavering lines through the atmosphere, suggestive of evaporation, though there cannot be anything, apparently, to evaporate. The low adobe walls inclosing the garrison, and the low adobe houses inside the walls seem to radiate heat. In the corral the mules and horses crowd into any bit of shadow they can find. The sentinels at their posts are provided with shelter from the sun, and nobody else of the garrison seems to be living or moving; for it is but little past mid-day yet, and the inmates will not venture out before four o'clock.

And yet out there in the blazing sun some object is moving—a creeping shadow slowly toward the fort. One drowsy sentinel after another sees it, and word goes to the officer in command. Reluctantly Colonel Kellogg arouses himself from his siesta, and giving a field-glass to a subordinate, orders an examination of the strange object. Directly he is informed that a man, apparently an American, alone and on foot, and probably either sick or wounded, is making his way toward the fort.

"Been another massacre, I suppose. Don't the Apaches! Send a detachment of six men and bring him in," was the growling response. A detachment was accordingly sent, and the man brought in. By evening it was known to all the inmates of the garrison that there had been a massacre within a few miles of the fort, in which a considerable party of Texan emigrants had been killed and captured, and their property appropriated by the Indians. The sufferer who arrived at the fort was a young man, whose desperate courage and determination had enabled him to drag himself from the scene of the murders where he had been left for dead, to a spot within sight of success, but unhappily, too late. That night mortification set in, and in the morning he was dead. On the wooden tablet placed at his head was inscribed, "BOONE MILES, Aged 20."

It appeared from the information young Miles had given, that the Indians were not in very great force, but had surprised the emigrants at supper and thus overcame them without much resistance; and it was thought that they might be overtaken by good cavalry, as they were encumbered with stock and the plunder of the wagons. A command was therefore sent out to follow on their trail as soon after the information was received as the troops could be mounted and equipped, which was not until thirty-six hours had elapsed after the massacre, for all of which loss of time nobody was to blame.

During the absence of the troops, who were under Major Floyd's command, there was a good deal of excitement among those remaining in the fort, first, because any event furnished excitement in that dreary desert; second, because somebody might get killed in the expedition, and lastly because the fort was left in rather a defenceless condition by the absence of so many troops.

Mrs. Kellogg, wife of the Colonel, and Mrs. Stewart, wife of the Surgeon, the only ladies at Fort Kellogg, spent the day together conversing from their hammocks, and alternately deploring the state of the thermometer and the state of the country.

"Only think of it!" said Mrs. Kellogg; "there were women and children in the train, and young girls, probably, to be carried into captivity like that Oatman girl. The horrible, disgusting wretches!"

"It is dreadful," returned Mrs. Stewart. "I do hope they were all killed; it would be so much more merciful to the poor things. I do wonder if the Government will ever furnish men enough to fight the Indians with."

"Well, it is quite certain it never has. It is all a farce, our staying here in this abominable desert with only a handful of men who can do nothing but take the trail after the Indians have got out of reach. I do not suppose that Major Floyd will ever see one of those creatures unless when they come about the fort playing 'good Indian' and wanting ammunition, and it would never do to kill them then! It would not be humane."

Mrs. Stewart sighed, and let her fan drop a moment. She was not of a sarcastic turn of mind, and could not rid herself of disagreeable or painful emo-

tions by opening her batteries of irony, as the Colonel's wife could. She was thinking at that moment of friends at home in an Eastern State, and how much she should rejoice to see them, and how much she dreaded the long, perilous march which laid between them and this out-of-the-way post. But directly her thoughts reverted to the topic in hand.

"The doctor says the young man who was buried this morning was a remarkably fine-looking, bright young fellow—Southern by his speech. He was going to California, where he had friends. When asked if he wanted letters written, he said, 'No, it was no use to set them fretting—he was one Miles less, that was all.' That is so like a high-spirited boy; he never reflected on the uncertainty worse than death that consumes the hearts of those waiting for news at home."

"How many of all the men scattered through the mountains and deserts ever write home?" returned Mrs. Kellogg. "Even husbands and fathers cease to be held by domestic ties when they have once tasted the sweetness of freedom from all restraints. I believe Darwin is right, and that man sprang from a scarp near a prisoner."

"You're a capital army-woman, Alicia!" was the Colonel's comment on his wife's view of the case. He was offended by her want of esprit du corps, and maintained a frowning silence for several minutes. But the whole budget of news was not yet unfolded, and until it was, the Colonel could not turn his back upon the most civilian of wives.

"I have learned, besides, that a Territorial delegation goes on to Washington in a few weeks to see what they can do with the general Government. A highly satisfactory state of affairs it will be when the Indians and settlers get to shooting each other at sight."

"Quite as satisfactory, I should think, as where only one side is allowed that privilege. Come, Mrs. Stewart, why don't you express an opinion? Are you so good an army-woman that you want white folks to be massacred to sustain the dignity of the military?"

"I should hope that was not the object of the opposition to volunteer movements which our officers always seem to feel," answered the doctor's wife. "They believe that a certain amount of discipline is necessary to prevent armed men from being simply marauders; and they think, too, with great justice, that since their business is fighting, they ought to be furnished with an army and sent into the field, not shut up by companies in forts. Is it not so, Colonel?"

"Now there's a woman who ought to be a general's wife instead of not having any chance of promotion. Why cannot you see things in that light, Alicia? Of course that is the right of it, and I cannot understand why you never see it."

"Because I happen to see some things which upset much of that plausible theory; because I think that arms and ammunition had better be given to the settlers than sold to the Indians."

"That depends on the character of the Indians and the settlers. Does not the Government furnish these things to friendly Indians? Is it desirable to set a lot of white desperados to killing innocent savages? These volunteers never discriminate—they go in for killing every Indian they meet."

Mrs. Kellogg turned her face away, on which scorn and unbelief were only too legibly written. She was done with the subject. The Colonel might talk to Mrs. Stewart, who was fool enough to be humbugged, was what her action said. And the Colonel availed himself of the ungracious permission.

"This is not the sort of life we had during the war, down on the South Carolina coast. Gay times you ladies had, with horse-back riding and plenty of gallants. I hope we have not three years to spend in this place, for your sakes. Two ladies in an Arizona fort—Jove! The Major ought to bring a lady out here—that's what I tell him."

"And add another sufferer to the list? No; if he has no wife already, he ought not to marry until he is ordered to a pleasure post."

"Well, he is a very pleasant fellow, is the Major, and I hope he will not be ordered off while I'm in command. I've got a very agreeable lot of officers. All that's needed is that they should be married. Such a thing as a hop, now, isn't possible, is it?"

"A hop?" cried Mrs. Stewart, laughing. "Fancy our dancing with the mercury at 105?"

"Why, I've done it at Saratoga. It would be better, if we only thought so, than lounging about getting the blues. The Mexicans dance, you know, a great deal. It would be a good idea, wouldn't it, to send out a party to capture an emigrant train and bring in all the pretty girls? By Jove! it would. Wish I had told the Major to go on a scout after emigrants instead of Indians," at which comment the Colonel laughed humorously.

"When do you expect him in?" "Impossible to say. He had orders if he got on a fresh trail to follow it until he came up with the Indians, or until he found they had escaped to the mountains. I hope he will be able to make a few of them bite the dust. The Governor and my wife will be more sarcastic than ever if we do not kill a few."

Mrs. Kellogg made an impatient reply, but vouchsafed no other reply.

Pleasant little Mrs. Stewart herself felt that something else more suitable to the time might have been said. She was one of those prudent, mild, womanly women who have been held up as models for their sex. And certainly her affairs moved along more smoothly than those of her less cautious and more impulsive sisters. Amiable women are favorites with men, and terrible bores to the more spirited of their sex, who feel that there is a leaven of selfishness at all bottom of their complacency which they would be ashamed to possess. Not that Mrs. Stewart was so extremely amiable as to deserve censure for it, but she had a way of managing people which showed at least a proper appreciation of self.

There was one other person who was admitted to the benefits of this prudential talent of Mrs. Stewart, and that other person was the Doctor. Advancing the Doctor's interests was advancing her own without seeming to be thinking of herself, and it obtained for her the reputation from others of being a most devoted and self-sacrificing wife, while it made the Doctor reckon her "the dearest little woman in the world." Who shall say that Mrs. Dr. Stewart was not wise and right?

We fear the Colonel's wife must be confessed to be pretty much the opposite of all this. She was not known for her personal devotion to the Colonel, though it must be admitted she once entertained high notions of wifely love. It was a good while ago, while she was under the influence of those "several hundred" extremely well-written epistles which had constituted her courtship. But if her own faith was severely shaken in things she once believed in, it was still a trait of her remnant of remaining loyalty to an idea, that no one could presume to reflect upon her husband, except herself.

Perhaps the Colonel was right in thinking he was badly used by his wife, who no longer attempted to conceal her disgust of certain traits, mental and personal; for the man could not help his nature, and probably was as much mistaken about himself when he wrote those deceiving epistles, as his wife had been about him when she read and believed in them. When they were stationed near a large town or in a settled country it was not so bad, for there a man could find relief in society; but in a desolate and a broiling hot desert—that was another matter, as he now and then reminded her.

"Well, Colonel," returned Mrs. Stewart, after a thoughtful pause, "what do you say is to be done about the affairs of this Territory? There must be some truth in what the Tucson papers say about the impossibility of developing the mines or settling up the farming lands."

"I suppose there is. But it is greatly the fault of the whites. You heard what the Commodore said about 'Mangus Colorado'—old Bloody Sleeve? The Commodore had some time done him a favor. Well, when his party were camped in an arroya cooking supper, along comes 'Mangus Colorado' with his hand and discovers the whites. He peeps cautiously over the edge of the cañon, thinking, no doubt, there was a good chance to take a few scalps, but recognizing the Commodore, withstood the temptation, and signed to the band to move on. The chief told the story to the Commodore afterwards when they met in some Mexican town, and proved it by the circumstance of the Commodore's teaching a man how to turn stajacks by tossing up the skillet."

"But then," suggested Mrs. Stewart, "it is not every one who is so fortunate as to secure the friendship of the chiefs—even one of them. How would it have fared with the Commodore if some other chief had been in the place of this one?"

"You had been quite well, Lawrence, that the Commodore has had to abandon his name, which he considers worth a million, more or less," Mrs. Kellogg could not help saying.

"I'll admit it. But if other men had acted like him he would not have been driven out of the country; that's what I contend."

"But there is nothing to prove it. I suppose a great Apache chief may indulge himself by taking a fancy to a single white man, either on account of his bravery or for some other reason; but as long as he goes on murdering other white men, just as good, who have never done him an injury, I don't think his whims benefit any but the one man, and only then when under his immediate protection."

"You should have been a lawyer, Alicia. You never leave a hole for your opponent to creep out of, nor even a paper screen for him to trench himself behind," returned the Colonel, fanning himself with his hat-brim.

"If my opponent is right he will not need or desire them," retorted his wife. "I should scorn either to creep or to hide."

"Shade of Xantippe!" cried the Colonel, fanning himself still more vigorously. "You do make it confounded hot here, Alicia. Do you ever nag the Doctor that way, Mrs. Stewart?"

"O, I administer a *chile Colorado* occasionally, when I judge it good for him," replied the Doctor's wife, smiling indulgently.

"Which is not often, I know; he looks such a happy man. Alicia, I have a letter from the boys."

"And you never mentioned it before!" she cried sharply, and stretched out her hand eagerly to take the letter which her husband indolently searched his pockets to find.

"What's the use of hurry? I believe I left the letter in the office. It was from Fred. Dick has been ill, it appears."

"Again! And you kept it from me all this time?" The reproof of her voice was enough without further words.

"Why should I want to distress you?—and for nothing. Dick is better by this time. It is only one of his frequent attacks, and did not last long, I dare say."

"I don't know how you dare say it," returned Mrs. Kellogg, all the mother-love in her nature feeling outraged. "These frequent attacks are rapidly undermining his constitution. It will not surprise me to hear that he is prostrated at any time. O, my poor Dick; you need your mother!"

"Well, then, Alicia, why don't you go? Though what the devil I'm to do all alone, I don't know. There cannot be any immediate danger. He has the best of advice, and his grandparents to look after him. Besides, it is not safe for you to travel while the Apache raiding is going on, is it?" inquired the Colonel.

"If the next letter is not more favorable, I shall risk it," returned Mrs. Kellogg, with a deliberateness that meant she was in earnest.

[To be continued.]

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE COMMONWEALTH OF BOSTON.

BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

READ AT THE "CENTENNIAL TOAST AND TEA PARTY," BY MRS. A. J. HUNTER.

DEAR ATHENIANS:—It is but fitting that, upon an anniversary like this, your most distant relations should celebrate with you the first dawn of real freedom for the world.

When your dozen brave citizens, disguised as red men, destroyed the tea cargo in Boston Harbor, and your people generally made it a religious duty to abstain from the "cup that cheers, but not inebriates" rather than submit to "taxation without representation," you set an example of self-government to the world that will continue to be quoted while the English language is a part of its literature.

A hundred years ago! Why, a hundred years ago, Oregon was a *terra incognita*. To be sure, there was a Boston ship reported to have sailed far past the mouth of the Columbia, and to have entered the Stickeen river, longer ago than that, but the rumor must be taken with some grains of allowance. We are aware that your Boston merchants sometimes sent out vessels to California, carrying Indian goods to the converts of the Jesuit Missions that flourished there a hundred and fifty years ago, taking in exchange tallow and hides, the spoils of the countless herds that roamed the yellow plains of that sunny land. And we are aware that after the Revolutionary war had left you poor, and your continental scrip was good for little or nothing, you still dispatched occasional cargoes of Indian trinkets to the Northwest coast, and picking up by this means furs from Oregon, alone shells from California, and sandal-wood from the Sandwich Islands, completed the venture by exchanging these assorted freights for tea in Canton, and that so, in the course of two years you were able to convert "Yankee notions" into gold, at a very fair rate of profit.

Permit us to remind you that it was one of these same venturesome Boston trading vessels that first entered the Columbia River giving it the name it bears, and selling to the native Oregonians the first goods ever furnished to Indians in the interior, so that to this day the Oregon Indian's name for a white American is *Boston*.

You will perceive therefore that, although we are a long way off, and perhaps little known or understood at the "Hub," we are yet closely related to yourselves. Indeed, we Portlanders just escaped being called Bostonians by the flip of a penny—"tails up!" decided in favor of Portland.

The history of our State is not unlike that of your own. Our pioneers did not come out in the "Mayflower," but they came across three thousand miles of wilderness country, with ox-teams, to lay the foundation of a Western Republic. Like you they struggled against a monopoly; like you they defended themselves against a savage foe, and their militiamen were as notable as your own "Miles Standish." They, too, were neglected by the home government—a government, however, to which they clung with heroic patriotism, because they believed it to be a good, and true, and free Government, the same which you in great part founded. These Oregon Pioneers remembering your Boston Tea-party, and Bunker Hill, and the rest, fought King George here in Oregon, in 1845, as persistently as you fought him in Massachusetts in 1775. They, (and this we say with all deference to your high character), rivaled in good deeds the heroes of '76—for they conceived, framed, and nurtured a sovereign State, on the shores of the Pacific, thousands of miles from the United States frontier, and having given it laws, morals and religion, and something like a commerce,

presented it ready-made to the Federal Union which you helped to found, thus linking the Atlantic to the Pacific by an indissoluble chain, and fairly forcing into the grasp of the United States Government all the territory lying between. Nor was this all. While these men were laboring to extend the empire of freedom, they were at the same time working to secure the trade of the Orient, and importuning Congress for a Pacific Railroad that they might keep Boston *and with the finest qualities of tea.*

Thus it is, Dear Athenians, that you see us doubly bound to you while celebrating, centennially, your masquerade tea-party. The tea and the principles you planted in Boston Harbor, have taken root and grown, until from one seaboard to the other every freeman's family may partake of the refreshing draught you once denied yourselves; the tax upon it going to support a government that governs you only by your own consent. (Somebody suggests here, that one half of each freeman's family—and that half the greatest tea-drinkers, are governed without their consent being asked—upon the principle probably that "what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.")

Having shown you, dear Athenians, the bond of kinship which exists between Portland and Boston, we herewith tender our congratulations upon a marked event in your history, and close with the expression of a hope that a hundred years from now, you may join us in a National Jubilee upon these Pacific shores, at which the finest Pekoe teas shall be furnished *ad arbitrium* by us to every delegate from your glorious commonwealth; and the *toast* by the finest classicists of old Harvard of the "Hub," whose health we are about to drink in aromatic Oolong.

A Word to Wives.

How often do we see bright homes darkened, prospects dimmed, aspirations crushed? And with curious natural to mortal we wonder what evil spirit presides over the destiny of man, to cause so much discord and misery. But we do not think of a general thing; that the evil could be avoided with a little inconvenience to ourselves. Of course we all believe that the fault is ours, my sisters. It is because we fail in the performance of our duties as wives, and consequently our homes, instead of being the abode of peace and harmony, are filled with discord and contention. And from experience I will tell you wherein we fail. Because we sometimes allow a cloud to rest upon our faces, sometimes allow our feelings to come to the surface. It matters not, my sisters, though your heart be heavy as lead, when you hear the footsteps of your lord and master approaching, you must summon to your face a bright smile. It matters not though you may be, comparatively speaking, literally crushed beneath your load of cares and sorrows, you must always meet your husband with bright smiles and a cheerful voice. For perhaps he has spent the day in his dull, dreary, and lonesome office, sitting with his feet elevated at an angle of forty or fifty degrees, smoking choice cigars and drinking—ah, with his bon companions, and of course after a day thus spent in attending to his business, when he returns home he desires to find his home cheerful and pleasant, and yourself neatly attired. It may be you have spent the day over the wash-tub or attending to sick children, yourself sick, it is all the same, remember your first duty, my sisters, is to see to the comforts of him who has bestowed upon you the great honor of his name, and given to you the protection of his home. For of course you were homelike, friendly and amiable when he consensued to employ you, at reduced rates, as his house-keeper, laundress, dairy-maid, seamstress, nurse and so on. So after your have made him comfortable, sit down in a slipper and arm-chair, with a book beside him covered with books, smoking paraphernalia, and newspapers, lest the fretting of your sick child should disturb him in his reading, you must steal away to some remote part of the house, and there with your lullaby soothe your moaning child to rest. When you won your husband, the roses of health were blooming on your cheeks, the light of a new joy sparkled in your eyes; your mind, too, was stored with useful knowledge, and you must not forget as you pass along to devote the requisite amount of time to the preserving and cultivating those charms which first attracted him, lest when the busy day comes from your face it may bloom for him upon another. And now, my sisters, be entreated by one who feels an interest in your welfare, to remember at all times and under all circumstances to meet your husband with a smile.—P. F. M., in Spectator Reporter.

THE NOISE OF CHILDREN.—There is too much fussing about the noise of children, consequent upon too little knowledge of the habits of young youth in its effervescent state. If growth and health are considered in their true bearings, children cannot make too much noise. The schoolmaster cannot go through his school without making too much noise, and if the experiment proves satisfactory, afterwards transfer them to a wider sphere of action. Thousands of young men who are great talents, try the world, find the world in such cities too much for them, and they learn too late that it would have been better for them to make their trial in a humbler and safer sphere.

DEMANDING WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—I come to ask something of woman. I don't ask that she shall vote, but demand that she shall vote with the age all the moral forces we can. Wherever in history we see one sex attempt, and the sex is injured. It seems to be a plan of Providence that all great interests shall be undertaken by both sexes. Take literature. You can't read Chaucer and Shakespeare to your families without expounding them, and you can't read Dickens and Tennyson. Chaucer wrote for men; Dickens for the race. So with art; the statuary of the Greeks was for men—for a male civilization. In society we find the arena where men and women meet together on equal ground. Society in its keen respect for woman, is ahead of politics. Society would send a woman to conventry for the very thing that makes a man a No. 1 in the caucus. Now, I want to lift that caucus to the level of society. God seemed to mean that together we should work out these problems. Let women help us make the great experiment of the people's peace.—Wendell Phillips.

THE FIRST ELEMENT OF A HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; never saw a chair too good for a cobbler or cooper; never saw a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of house-keeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage home for the mahogany we can bring into it? I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I get home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture is a very tardy ornament with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.—Theodore Parker.

GAIL HAMILTON ON A MAN IN DOVE. Gail Hamilton is not always sensible, or even as truthful as she should be, when she talks about men, matrimony and woman suffrage; but she did say this truthful and beautiful thing: "There is no slavery so abject as the woman he loves. Abject, because, it goes behind his will and possesses the whole man. And the more he is, the more strong and bright and free, the more thorough is his thrallment. Woe to such a one if he fall into the hands of a weak, a frivolous, or an unworthy woman. A large-natured woman, for then he is a large-natured man, most exalted and divine freedom."

How to Become Distinguished. As a general rule, the best place for a young man to begin life is right where he is. He need not go a hundred, or three hundred, or a thousand miles away from home to try the world; that particular spot where he lives is a part of the world, and just as good a place to try as some other particular spot three hundred miles off. In the Eastern States, where society is settled, and things change but little, where business is held in fixed channels, and certain families have a prescriptive right to do everything that is done, there is not much incentive for a young man to remain at home unless he possesses the genius and enterprise to break through the traditions and regulations that hamper him, but no such condition of things exist out West, there everything is new, fresh and plastic, and a young man may do his part in moulding things to his purposes.

It is a very common mistake for young men who have not bottled their own genius, to imagine they possess superior talent, if they only had an opportunity to exhibit it. If they live on a farm, there is no chance there to show their talents. If they live in a country town, it is entirely too small to spread their wings in. They yearn for a great city, where talents are appreciated, and imagine that there is the field for them to rise to eminence and wealth, and yet they had better stay right where they are, and make their beginning in the locality where they were raised. If they really possess genius or special aptitudes they must first develop them, and test the metal they have made of in the limited sphere of their native place, and, if the experiment proves satisfactory, afterwards transfer them to a wider sphere of action. Thousands of young men who are great talents, try the world, find the world in such cities too much for them, and they learn too late that it would have been better for them to make their trial in a humbler and safer sphere.

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It is a very common mistake for young men who have not bottled their own genius, to imagine they possess superior talent, if they only had an opportunity to exhibit it. If they live on a farm, there is no chance there to show their talents. If they live in a country town, it is entirely too small to spread their wings in. They yearn for a great city, where talents are appreciated, and imagine that there is the field for them to rise to eminence and wealth, and yet they had better stay right where they are, and make their beginning in the locality where they were raised. If they really possess genius or special aptitudes they must first develop them, and test the metal they have made of in the limited sphere of their native place, and, if the experiment proves satisfactory, afterwards transfer them to a wider sphere of action. Thousands of young men who are great talents, try the world, find the world in such cities too much for them, and they learn too late that it would have been better for them to make their trial in a humbler and safer sphere.

DEMANDING WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—I come to ask something of woman. I don't ask that she shall vote, but demand that she shall vote with the age all the moral forces we can. Wherever in history we see one sex attempt, and the sex is injured. It seems to be a plan of Providence that all great interests shall be undertaken by both sexes. Take literature. You can't read Chaucer and Shakespeare to your families without expounding them, and you can't read Dickens and Tennyson. Chaucer wrote for men; Dickens for the race. So with art; the statuary of the Greeks was for men—for a male civilization. In society we find the arena where men and women meet together on equal ground. Society in its keen respect for woman, is ahead of politics. Society would send a woman to conventry for the very thing that makes a man a No. 1 in the caucus. Now, I want to lift that caucus to the level of society. God seemed to mean that together we should work out these problems. Let women help us make the great experiment of the people's peace.—Wendell Phillips.

THE FIRST ELEMENT OF A HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; never saw a chair too good for a cobbler or cooper; never saw a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of house-keeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage home for the mahogany we can bring into it? I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I get home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture is a very tardy ornament with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.—Theodore Parker.

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